

Special Articles

BY

Calvin Coolidge

Al Smith

John Erskine

H. L. Mencken

George Jean Nathan

Havelock Ellis

Bertrand Russell

Hugh Walpole

James Branch Cabell

J. M. Barrie

Glenn Frank

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Harry Sinclair

Elinor Glyn

Knute Rockne

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Donn Byrne

Admiral Magruder

Col. Lindbergh

Ruth Elder

Len Hall

George Rothwell Brown

Wm. Boyd Craig

Charles Moore Jr.

Mussolini

Big Bill Thompson

King George

and Conan Doyle

Positively do not appear in this
silly issue of the **GHOST**



GHOST 25

George Washington University

School

LITERATURE

Camp

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Went over to see my girl last night and
found her surrounded by a half dozen rivals.

How did she look?

Like a million dollars—one followed by six
ciphers.

—*Annapolis Log.*



The stingiest fellow we know had his po-
tato patch rolled over with the gravel crusher
so that he could raise mashed potatoes.

—*Mugwump.*



He: "If you keep looking at me like that
I'm going to kiss you."

She: "Well, I can't keep this expression
long."

—*Bison.*

PAUL PEARLMAN BOOKS

COLLEGE — MISCELLANEOUS

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It was the day before the big race. The
captain of the yacht was talking to the mate.
"I wish," said John Paul Jones, "that we
had a swifter boat." "Oh, that's all right,"
jokingly responded his waggish ordinate.
"Take her to the dock and make her fast."
Bluff old sea dog though he was, the captain
blushed a fiery red and grinned sheepishly.

—*Williams Purple Cow.*



Feeling Blue Today?

MAYBE its because your clothes need cleaning and pressing. You can't look or feel your best if your suit or coat is out of press.

DAVID GREENBERG
TAILOR

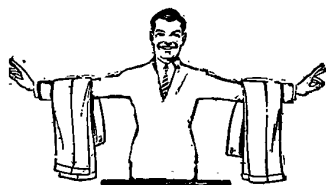
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"Is May a good girl?"

"Yes, indeed. After the wedding she forgot she was married and slapped her husband when he tried to kiss her."

—*Carolina Buccaneer.*



Night school would be some education if they would only leave the lights out.

—*Carnegie Puppet.*



Sophomore: Say, you are not supposed to wear jeans!

New Frosh: I'm not supposed to wear Gene's what?

(The dainty slap of a paddle, a splash, bubbles, silence.)

—*Nevada Desert Wolf.*



She 1: "I know the secret of popularity."

She 2: "So do I, but mother says I musn't."

—*Vanderbilt Masquerader.*



She Ain't So Dumb--

SHE might be a blonde but that's no sign she's so lightheaded she can't appreciate a date for dinner—where the food is fine and abundant, where the tunes are torrid and the setting scintillant.

Tell her to meet you at—

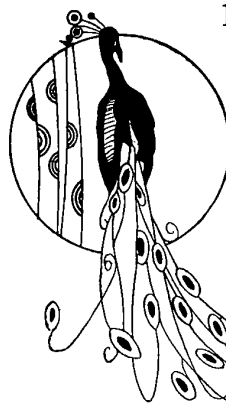
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and a dollar

Peter Borrás,
Host



Put your pipe on P.A.



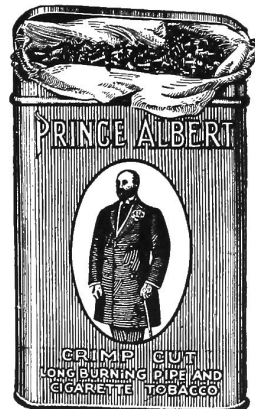
WHAT you get out of a pipe depends on what you feed it. Millions of contented jimmy-pipers will tell you that Prince Albert commands a pipe to stand and deliver. You suspect you are in for some grand pipe-sessions the minute you get a whiff of P.A.'s aroma.

The first pipe-load confirms your suspicions. What a smoke, Fellows! Remember when you asked for the last dance and she said "You've had it!"? P. A. is cool, like that. And sweet as knowing that she didn't really mean it.

Sweet and mellow and mild and long-burning.

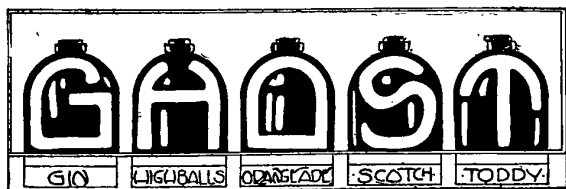
Put your pipe on P. A. You can hit it up to your heart's content, knowing in advance that P. A. will not bite your tongue or parch your throat. That one quality alone gets P. A. into the best smoke-fraternities. And then think of all its *other* qualities!

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.



PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!



Vol. IV December, 1927 No. 3

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As I was coming down the street I met a man from St. Ives. "Whatcha got under that arm?" says I. "Sugar for my coffee," says he. "Whatcha got under t' other arm?" "Sugar for my tea," says the lad, coyly. Well, you may imagine how my ire was up, so, by and large, I gave him a couple of lumps for his cocoa. Chortle, chortle.

—Amherst Lord Jeff.



That always reminds me of the bowlegged floorwalker who said, "Please walk this way, Madam."

—Missouri Outlaw.



He: "Why don't you think Freshmen should have more privileges?"

She: "The one I dated last night took too many."

—Nebraska Awgwan.



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Silly

Number



COVER - - By Mr. Charles Dunn

"A New Slant On An Old Subject"

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The Pilgrims pictured above are having a hard time deciding something. Perhaps they are on their way to church, or more likely they are coming home from an all-night party. Anyway, the party has just gotten under way when along comes a taxicab. Mr. Tattersall and Mr. Wilburforce are leading the procession, and the following conversation takes place:

Mr. Wilburforce: "Did you call a taxi, Mr. Tattersall?"

Mr. Tattersall: "No, did you?"

Wilburforce: "No, I thought maybe you did."

Tattersall: "No, not me."

Wilburforce: "Well, we'd better keep on walking; we only have about twenty more miles to go."

The production of steel ingots during 1923 was 43,226,955 long tons, which is 25 per cent greater than the output for the previous year!





the George Washington ghost

VOLUME IV

DECEMBER, 1927

NUMBER 3

CAMPUS CHATTER

Let's Get Silly

From our own standpoint we are more greatly impressed by clever things, but we always get a bigger laugh out of silly things. As you have doubtless perceived by now, this is the Silly Number. We have no excuse for perpetrating it, other than we are already tiring of trying to be clever, and being silly is a welcome relief—wherein we revert to type.

Cover

We are indebted to Mr. Charles Dunn, a G. W. alumnus,



for this month's cover. Mr. Dunn draws the cartoons for

The Nation's Business, the magazine published by the U. S. Chamber of Commerce. Why he wastes his time in drawing cartoons when he can design covers like this one is something we cannot fathom. Incidentally, Charlie is in charge of the decorations for this year's Bal Boheme.

Honk! Honk!

The most outstanding pest of G. W. is the autoist who vociferously sounds his horn about five minutes before class is out, thus interrupting the tranquility of university life.

We have enough noise already without a lot of nincompoops honking their horns during class time. The Capital Traction Co., for instance, does its share in furnishing the racket. While we have no definite information on the subject, we believe the street car company must require all motormen to clang the bell continually while passing on G street in front of the *campus concretus*. Of course, our dare-

devil motorists are partly to blame for this, for hardly a street car passes without having its right-of-way challenged by a collegiate Ford.



But to get back to the person with the auto horn. We have been aroused from our class slumbers too many times by such individual, and it is beginning to get on our nerves. It is not quite fair to the attentive students, and certainly it is not being courteous to the professor who desires to make himself heard. You all ought to be ashamed of yourselves!

Street Repairs

We have heard of many collegiate pranks (and participated in a few), but there are two of them going the rounds these days that seem to be worthy of

(Continued on page 13)



"Does American liquor hurt people?"
"Yeah, it disagrees with their Constitution."



"That widow has money to burn."
"Well, it won't take her long to find a match."



After the big game the cheering section of the winners gave the losing team the hoarse laugh.

College Widow: "Run along, freshie, I won't be bothered by a guy with more money than brains."

Rat: "The joke's on you. I'm broke."

C. W.: "I know it."



A gentleman is a guy who can talk to a chorus girl in her "costume" and say what he is thinking.



"What do you do when you get a cold?"
"Get a bottle of whiskey and the first thing I know its gone."
"You mean the whiskey, of course."



"I'd like to buy a pound of nails,"
"But lady, we don't sell nails here."
"What kind of a drug store is this, anyway?"



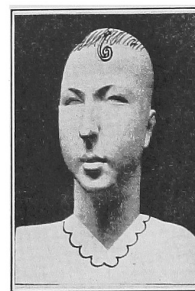
Nero: "This sure is hell."

Satan: "Never mind, Nero. Get hot!"

DID YOU EVER FEEL SILLY?

Everyone has experienced times when they have felt right down silly. Acting on this assumption (and purely in the interest of science) we interviewed four prominent citizens, and to each we propounded this question: "What was the silliest you ever felt in all your life?" Some of them ignored us at first, but as time went on they broke down and confessed, and we are privileged to reprint their answers herewith.

"One time I was in Baltimore, giving a lecture in the interest of Prohibition. On that particular day (it was Thursday) the temperature rose to 134. That night my hotel room was rather stuffy, so I wandered aimlessly to the roof, far above the sleeping city. Having nothing else to do I entered into a little game of hop-scotch with myself, and began to hop all around. I became so interested in hopping that I utterly forgot to look where I was going, and before I knew it I had hopped over the edge of the roof and was headed straight for the pavement, twenty-eight stories below. Gee, but I felt silly!"



Susie Smilch



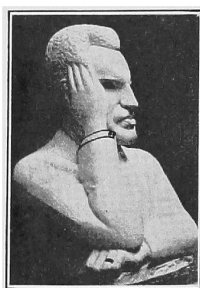
Peter Rabbit

"I had been keeping steady company with Mollie Nethersole for a long time, and things had just about come to a crisis. Our platonic friendship had grown into something finer, something more tangible, if you get what I mean. One night we were sitting on the sofa, just as pretty as you please. I had just beseeched her to marry me, and was telling her how we would start out on Life's road together, just us two. I am sure she was about to say the magic word, but just then my youngest grandson came in the room and asked me to tell him a bedtime story. Talk about feeling cheap!"

"My husband and I had been on the outs for sometime, and I didn't care what happened to the old brute. He came home one evening and said he was not feeling so well, so he went to bed. He asked me to get him some cough medicine, and said it was in that bottle right next to the bottle of arsenic in the kitchen. I emptied the bottle in the glass and took it back upstairs; he gulped it down and seemed satisfied. Alarmed, I went back to investigate. Imagine how silly I felt when I saw that the bottle of arsenic was still full. I must have given him the cough medicine after all!"



Mrs. O'Leary

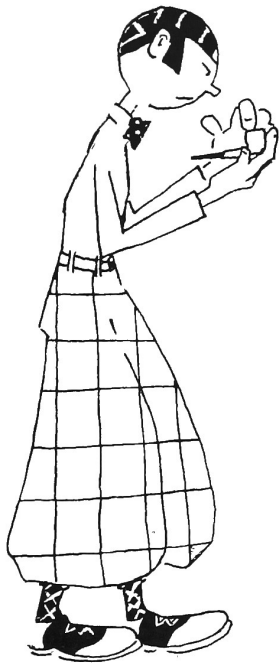


Paul Revere

"One time I was working in a livery stable, and I used to sleep on the second floor every night to guard the safe, which was downstairs. One night I heard a noise, so I got up and went down, with a gun in my hand. 'Who's there?' I said gruffly, and a voice replied, 'Oh, it's only us horses.'

"Relieved, I went back to sleep, but when I got up in the morning I found that the safe had been robbed after all. I certainly did feel silly, not so much because the safe was robbed, but because the horses (whom I trusted implicitly) had lied to me."

WHY IS IT THAT A YOUNG MAN



FILLING

WITH HIS EXPENSIVE
DUNHILL AND
TRICK LIGHTER
IS ALWAYS
EITHER



LIGHTING



KNOCKING
OUT



OR CLEANING
HIS PIPE,

PIPES

By PEGGY SOMERVELL
(AFTER JNO. HELD JR.)

WHILE
OLD SI PERK'S
CORNCOB NEEDS
NO ATTENTION
WHATEVER?



SANTA CLAUS LETTERS

This letter is designed to prevent the recrudescence of certain bad features usually connected with intra-family benevolence.

Dear Bud:

Christmas time approaches, and I hope that this letter reaches you before you send my Christmas present. I am relating the following story for your benefit.

Three years ago I bought a necktie for Uncle Joe's Christmas present. He wore it once and six months later gave it to Uncle Harry, who managed to retain it for a year and a half without wearing it a single time. A year ago this Christmas he gave it to you, and as far as I know it is still in your possession. It is a vivid red tie, and I bought it before they went out of style.

I do not know what preparations you are making to dispose of this piece of haberdashery, but I thought I would inform you that I am the original donor of the tie, and I hardly think it would be the proper thing for you to give it to me as a Christmas present.

Allow me to suggest that you present it to Ebenezer, the janitor, who has worn the same tie for six years straight. I am sure that this method would prevent its further circulation among the male members of our family.

Incidentally, I'll let you in on a little secret—I'm running short on hosiery.

Your brother,

TED.

The following form is suggested for the young lady who desires an automobile. Maybe it will bring results, but we don't think so.

My own dear Dad:

Got the remittance O. K., and put some of it in the bank. Thanks heaps. You're the best Dad in all the world.

Say, Dad, I have a terrible time getting down to school on time in the morning. It takes about an hour to go from the house, as the street car service is terrible. You have to transfer so many times, and when the weather is bad I catch all kinds of colds.

Ethel Majors used to take me down each morning in her car, and we used to make it in about twenty minutes. However, she isn't here any more, and I surely hate to go back to the old street cars. You see some of the worst types of humanity on street cars, you really do.

Listen, Dad, I was wondering if it would cost you very much to get me a car. I would save over a half-hour every morning, and I would have that much more time to put on my studies. I know they cost quite a bit, but in time it would pay for itself, because it would save time and street-car fare. Dad, if you give me a car this Christmas I promise you won't need to give me anything for the next two years.

You're the dearest Dad in all the world.

Your devoted daughter,

PATRICIA.

This letter is to be written to some prominent philanthropist. It is guaranteed to bring no results whatsoever.

My dear Mr. Rockefeller:

You don't know me, but I am going to school here in Washington. I am one of the biggest boosters for Standard Oil you ever saw. When my friends drive up to a filling station for gas, I always threaten to leave the party unless they order your kind of gasoline.

When I was a little boy and my father asked me what I wanted to be when I grew up, I would always say, "I'm going to be like John D. Rockefeller." Then my father would pat me on the head and give me a nickel. I have often admired your prowess at golf. In fact, I talk about you so much that my friends often chide me, but I merely laugh at them, for I know that you are a great man and will help me.

By the way, Mr. Rockefeller, do you happen to have a little spare cash that you won't need around Christmas time? I have a terrible cold, and my supply of handkerchiefs is about exhausted. We certainly are having some bad weather down here in Washington.

If you find that you can't send the money, just send the handkerchiefs. I prefer white linen ones, trimmed in purple. I also like to have my monogram in one corner.

Remember, the Lord loves a cheerful giver.

Your admirer,

RODNEY TATTERSALL.



The GEORGE WASHINGTON GHOST

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December, 1927

No. 3

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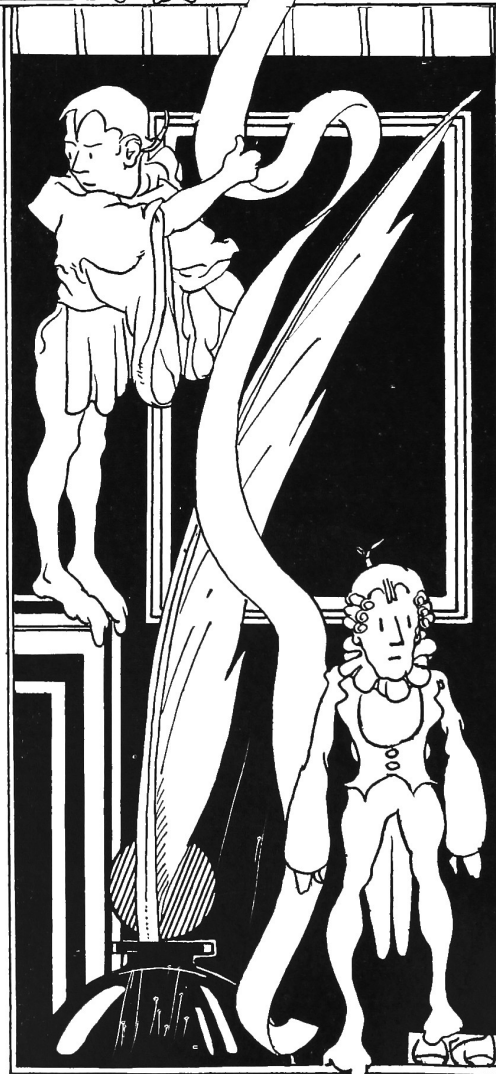
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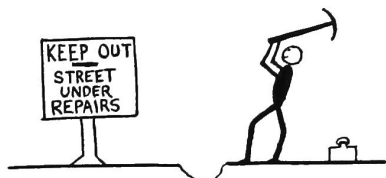
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mention. The first one we have heard several times; once the locale was said to be in Russia, another time the story was laid at Oxford. Anyway, here goes.

A band of men, garbed in denim and carrying picks and shovels, went to a certain street,



roped it off, erected "Keep Off" signs, and proceeded to dig up the thoroughfare. The citizenry were accustomed (even as you and I) to seeing such street repairing, and thought nothing of it at first, but after two or three weeks had passed they noticed that the workmen had ceased to frequent the scene of operations. Tired of seeing the yawning excavation, and irked by the fact that the street department was laying down on the job, they went to the City Hall and demanded that the repairs be completed.

"Why, you're crazy," said the street officials, "we aren't doing any repair work on that street."

"You're not, huh! Well, come and see," said the irate citizens.

Only one look was enough to convince the street officials that at least someone had done a pretty good job of digging. Needless to say, they are still looking for the college boys that pulled this one.

Haircut?

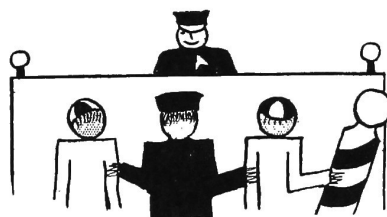
Collegiate Prank No. 2 is reported to have occurred at Princeton. A pair of Princetonians visited a barber shop and purchased a striped red and white barber pole, paying real

CAMPUS CHATTER

(Continued from page 7)

U. S. money for it. They had not gone two blocks before they were halted by a policeman (who could not conceive of college students *paying* for a barber pole) and were haled into police court. The Lt. investigated and learned that the boys were the legal possessors of the pole, so released them.

They had barely left the police station, however, before they were arrested by another policeman, who entertained the same suspicions about the pole as did Policeman No. 1. So he haled the students and the barber pole before the magistrate, who again released them. They again ventured forth, and were arrested by a third policeman. By this time the incident was becoming monotonous to the police judge,



so he issued a ukase to the village gendarmerie to the effect that they were not to arrest two college students with a barber pole.

From the Princeton standpoint the desired result was at last realized. With astounding alacrity numerous pairs of Princeton students swooped down on every barber shop in town and divested each of its ornament. As a result, many a dormitory room at Princeton is embellished by a barber pole.

At any rate, that's the story.

Congratulations

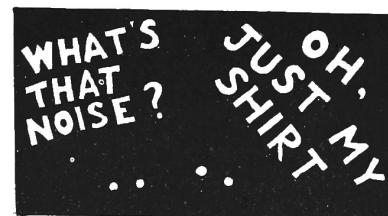
We doff our hats to Coach Crum and his football team for the splendid record they have es-

tablished during the season just ended. At the beginning of the school year the prospects were dark indeed. When we compare the tiny squad against the formidable schedule, the excellent performance of the team is even more mystifying. This is being written before the C. U. game, but whether they win this game or not we are mighty proud of them.

Romance vs. Shirts

The time for formal parties is here again. The male of the species has already rescued his tux from the wardrobe or the pawnshop, and the female has gazed disdainfully at her best frock and ruminated to the effect that a new one would come in mighty handy. We are not arbiters of fashion, but we take this occasion to reprimand the manufacturers of the men's dress shirt for an apparent oversight.

You know these tux shirts that have only one stud, button in the rear, and with the bosom as stiff as a board. Well, they tell us that the blamed things are extremely disconcerting when making love to a girl. It seems as though they make a crackling noise every time they are pressed against something. The shirts were doubtless conceived with an eye to practicality, but when they



interfere with necking it is time for the people to stand up for their rights.



WOMEN

By PEGGY SOMERVELL

*I love women,
They glide about,
To get their own way
They often pout.*

*They act important,
Wear flimsy clothes,
Smoke cigarettes and
Dance on their toes.*

*They know how to capture
The hearts of men,
Women are lovable
I love them.*

"Young lady," said the Dean very haughtily, "I hope you don't make a practice of smoking."

"Oh no," replied the co-ed, "I'm quite proficient, now!"



Sue: "Why are you sore at Frank?"

Susie: "Oh, he said everything he touched today seemed to go wrong, then he puts his arms around me."



"Mandy, when is the doctor coming back?"

"Deed I don't know boss. He'll be a long time, I guess. He's gone on one of them eternity cases."



Her: "Do you think plastic surgery would improve my features?"

Him: "No, really."

Her: "What would you suggest, then?"

Him: "Dynamite!"



Pedestrian running over a car full of people.



"Are you taking any petty courses at college?"

"Do you think I need to, sir?"



"There must be a slip somewhere," remarked the sweet young thing as she searched through her bureau drawer.



Josephine: "What do you think of those inverted arrows on girl's stockings?"

Albert: "I think they're misleading."



QUITE PLAIN

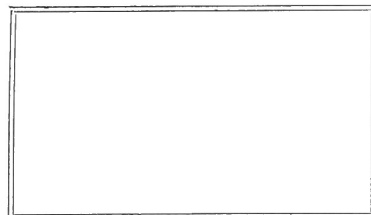
"And what are those two players?" asked the kind old lady of her son at the big football game.

"They are the half-backs."

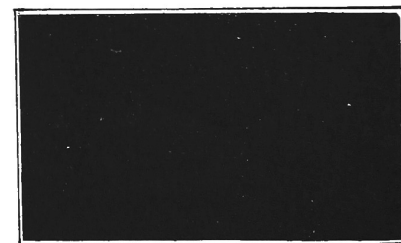
"What do they do?" further inquired the kind old lady.

"Well," spoke up the martyred son, "they make a whole and the quarterback can go right through."

A little old, but still dependable—



Two icebergs colliding in the Arctic ocean during a snow-storm.



Six Bahaman negroes coaling a ship at midnight.

Nightmare

*Dreamer, dreary of the doleful
drone
Of puny puppets playing in
the sand,
Wisp off on witches' wings to
Lubentia's throne,
Soar in the sunny skies o'er
Siren's strand,
Fly with the flowering foam on
Flora's reef,
Rush with the roaring rollers
of the deep,
Tremble as does a tossing teak
tree leaf,
After a meal of crabs and
milk, in sleep.*

~*~

"Did you fall in the river?"
"No, I'm chewing gum."

~*~

"Pray tell me, dear Tiglath-Pileser, where unto are marriages like unto armies?"

"I know not, the Countess de Mercy-Argenteau, unless its that there is no trouble until the engagement begins."

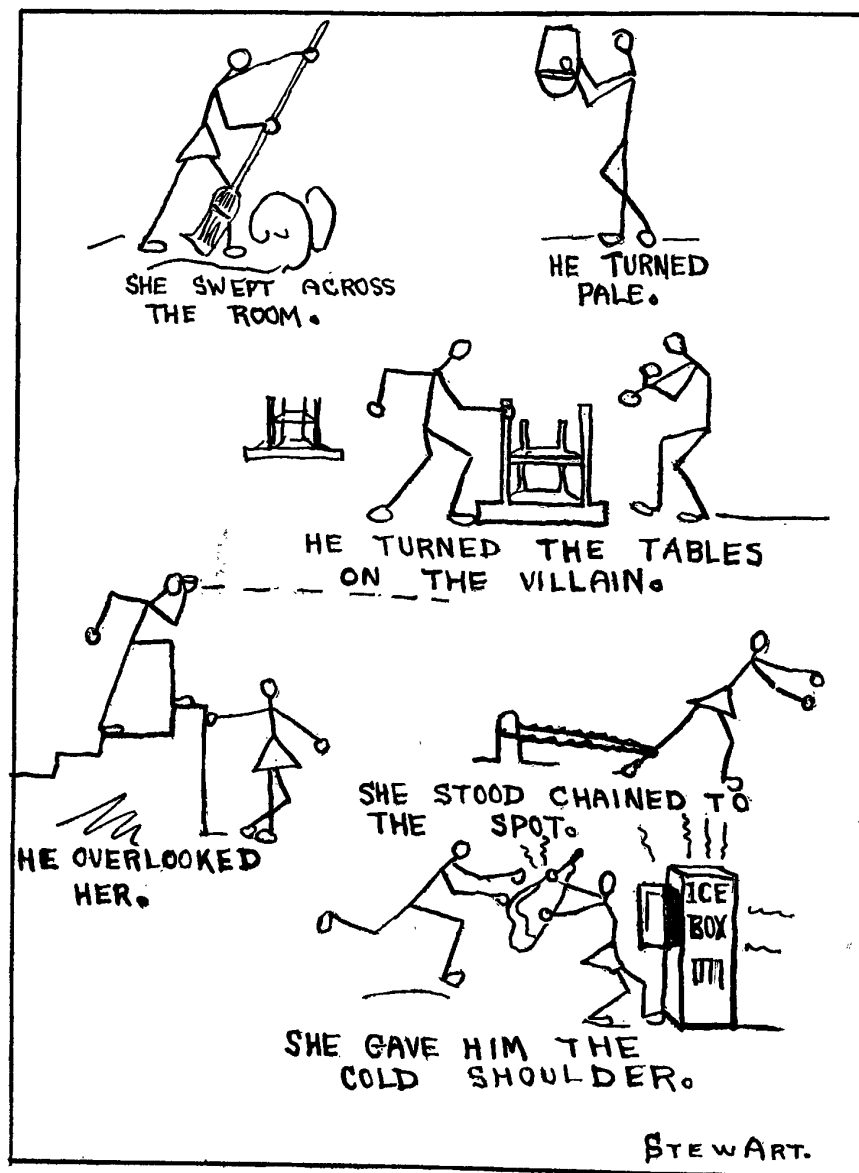
~*~

She was only a watchmaker's daughter, but she gave me a wonderful time.

~*~

Joe Collich: "That your best girl over there?"

Frat Brother: "Naw, Necks best, though."



Dramatic Moments

~*~

WORTH IT!

One night a burglar broke into the room of the well known old maid, took a ten dollar bill that was on the table, and kissed her. Now she leaves a twenty dollar bill there every night.

LASSITUDE

"Those are my wife's ashes in that tray on the table."

"So she has joined the angels, eh?"

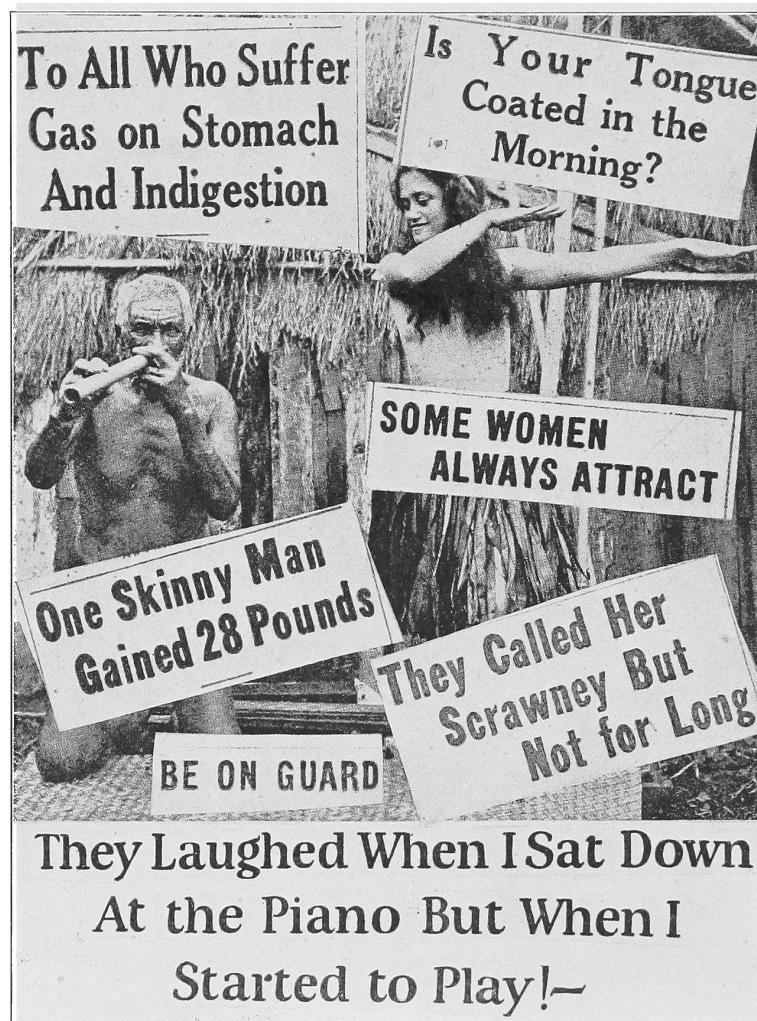
"Oh, no. She is just too lazy to empty the ash tray."

THE JOKE OF THE AGES

BY JACK MILLIGAN

Since certain standardized subjects suffice for all contemporary quips and witty sayings and this Perelman business has become indeed dreadful, it is about time to compile an anthology of modern humor, thereby producing the jest of the century. This service will save our forests from decimation by those quaint woodcuts, and is extended to you free of charge, for nothing, gratis. Just refer to this super-joke weekly instead of buying the comic periodicals.

STOP me if you haven't heard this one. It seems that there were two or six traveling salesmen named Diggle—shh, you can't tell that one here Arbuthnot, she said with a quaver. And it comes straight from Aunt Maisie, who heard it ten miles out of Hoboken—who was that lady I seen you with last night—I don't know, it must have been two other fellows. Dunt esk, was by de potty Izzie dot dope dronk from drink seenk dobble. So with that I says to him, ha ha, babies need stepladders nowadays, I says, to hide behind momma's skoits, I says—you shoulda hoid him holler. 'Sblood, Rutland, and how didst thy flivver become so smashed—Zoundz, Ruthvyn, ye merrye dogs stuck ye pledge pin upon yon equipage, and ye fraternity initiated it be-



lieving 'twas ye goat. Campaspe combed her still wet hair with a monogrammed *fromage*, smiling to herself that Bunny's tattoo was visible only to friends. That's a hot one, no doubt. I mean I ACTually DO, you know,

SORT of a THRILLing personALity that THRILLS me. However, it goes something like this, you tell it George, you know it so good—oh, all right, well, it seems that the teacher, no I'm a head of my story, no that's right, the teacher asked little Willie to pronounce the "g" in "running", and Willie looks up at her just like that and says, Gee, see the horse runnin'. Do you get it? That reminds me of another. Egad, said young Trikkers smilingly, Prohibition, walking home, traveling salesmen, Mary's little lamb, stone age, mother-in-law, movies, nize baby, Uncle Josh, chorus girls, Alexandria, college boys, the Police, Senators, marriage, radio, politicians, Wild West, short skirts, and so on ad infinitum! Ain't he a SCREAM!"

A NEW VERSION

I've taken my fun where I've found IT.



"What do you do when your wife's temper gets away from her?"

"Oh, I catch it."



In these turbulent times, a girl is known by the company she keeps from necking her.



Jane: "Oh, professor, what do you think of me now that you've kissed me?"

Prof: "You'll pass."



"Is Marge deceitful?"

"Is she? Why she's the kind that kisses her best friend and then spreads a report of halitosis."



Tonsorial artist: "Business is rotten. If it doesn't pick up soon I'm going to open a butcher shop."

Voice from barber chair: "And will you close this one?"



Pastor's Wife: (to her husband at Sunday dinner): "Everyone seemed to enjoy your sermon this morning."

Pastor: "Yes, they were all nodding."



"What ho, Alexanhiprodes, lend an ear. Do you approve of tight skirts?"

"Nay, non, no, dear Beautaplantus, I think women should leave liquor alone."



"My husband beat me terribly yesterday."

"Well, it's about time you knew how to play checkers."



First cornet player: "Somehow I don't seem to have enough wind tonight."

Second cornet player: "I bet it was that Life Saver. They say they take the breath away."



Man (to telephone central): "Gimme the Zoo."
Operator: "The lion is busy."



Jack: "Do you object to petting?"
Jenny: "That's one thing I have never done."
Jack: "What, you have never petted?"
Jenny: "No, objected."

LOCAL SIGHTS

"Say, big boy, how come you are so good looking?"

"Oh, I got that way from standing down on F Street on windy days."



She: "When a man who bores me terribly asks me where I live I always say in the suburbs."

He: "And where do you live?"

She: "In the suburbs."



HIGH

Mandy: "I wants some of those there flesh-colored stockings."

Clerk: "I'm sorry, but we are all out of the cocoa brown."



Wife: "John, I'm so disappointed."

John: "What's the matter now, dear?"

Wife: "Here it is your birthday, and you forget to bring me home a present to give to you."



COLD PREVENTIVES

"Why do you bring suit for divorce against this man?"

"Well, your honor, he made me wash his back every Saturday night."

"And do you consider that sufficient grounds for divorce?"

"No, judge, but last Saturday night his back was already clean."



Slightly tongue-tied parson, marrying couple:
"Do you take this man for petter or worse?"



Mayor Thompson (to King George on his arriving in Boston): "What do you think of our harbor?"

King George: "Oh, it suits me to a tea."



Jones: "Sam, you've been married a long time. Tell me how you make your wife pay attention to you."

Sam: "Oh, that's easy. I just pretend I'm talking in my sleep."



"Are you determined to neck?"
"Yes, I've got my head set on it."



Male: "And where will you meet me tonight, Fanny?"

Fanny: "Half-way."



"I would like to purchase some apples for my husband," said the lady to the grocer.

"And what kind would you like?"

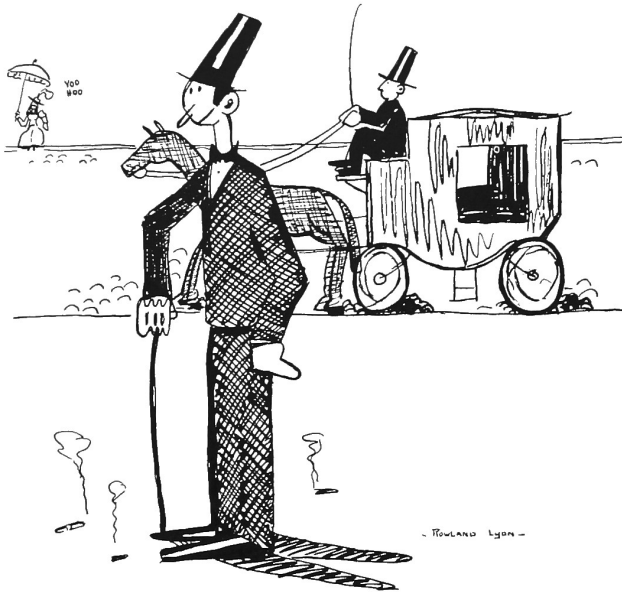
"I d-d-don't suppose you happen to know what sort Eve used?" she replied falteringly.



"It isn't fair", said the coy co-ed, as it started to rain.



"Jack," said the wife, as her husband left to join a group of males over in the corner, "for heaven's sake don't tell that joke I told you last night."



FIFTY YEARS AGO IN THE GHOST

Amos Whiffletree, waiting on the corner for a date. The Christian Endeavor is having a good old box supper, where the girls bring the eats and the boys bring the girls. It's jolly good fun; at least it beats blowing soap bubbles. Hold tight, girls, the horse is feeling his oats tonight.



"I like a long, cool smoke", exclaimed Mandy, as she cuddled up to her thin lover, who worked on an ice-wagon.



Roommate (espying new photograph of girl on the bureau): "Say I thought you said that girl was good-looking". The other guy: "Oh she is. She was sitting down in that picture."



Judge: "My man, you are a habitual offender, and I hereby sentence you to a third term."

Prisoner: "But, your honor, haven't you heard of the Washington precedent?"

A collegian is he who knows what she wants when she wants it.



"That girl has a wonderfully magnetic personality."

"Yes, everything about her is charged."



"Are you working your way through college?"

"No, I'm working my dad."



"My dear!" exclaimed the old gentleman, "why do you dress so scantily?"

"Oh, that's to get the sun and air."

"Whose son and heir?" was the knowing reply.



"Have you heard of the fat lady who paid thirty dollars for a corset?"

"Oh dear, such a waist."



THE THEATRE

By JOHN MILLIGAN



AS this is the silly number of THE GHOST, Banshee, Ghoul, Apparition, Djinn, Spectre, or what have you, this department is going to be very flighty and off-hand this month. Idols will no doubt be smashed, and things done, sort of. If you don't like it, we shall call in our unlettered car and buy the clothes you have torn in your frenzy. Tallyho.

You have no idea of just how care-free, charming and whimsical we can be, just like every other contemporary dramatic department. As a matter of fact, we can be more devil-may-careish, woman-about-townish and sarcastic than most critics. Moreover, we can pretend to hide just as much erudition and taste behind the usual casual references to Echegeray and Shadwell and Joe Cook. You may lay to that, tallyho.

All of which is simply delicious, don't you know as Joe Walstrom just bounced into our office, and has informed us that we can write about anything we choose. Our lofty office, from which we can see a lot of Washington, and are often depressed thereby, is a rendezvous for literary and critical Washington, so Joe must have been impressed by its liberal and artistic atmosphere.

Joe's ultimatum, coupled with be just too silly for words, and a silly number, our intention to the fact that George Washing-

ton is a university, makes things look interesting.

Let's combine these four factors, stressing the last, and garner a little knowledge, while being pleasantly entertained with radical opinion and jokes and witty sayings. Being studious and things like that, we all must be thrilled with culture, and able to look at the jollier side of life as well. That is as long as everything is perfectly nice. Tallyho.

Therefore we are going to introduce to you Dr. Penser Vite,

pleasure in introducing Dr. Vite—

THE RUSSIAN DRAMA

By Penser Vite, Ph.D., W.R.C.

Before starting upon today's subject, I would like to thank Mr. Walstrom and Mr. Milligan for the opportunity of bringing culture and advanced thought to the young people of Washington. Mr. Walberg and Mr. Mullington have been indeed kind, and, er, it is a pleasure to know two such splendid youths as Mr. Walker and Mr. Matthews. I

have found the children of America, during my stay of over nine hours in your native land, to be upright and studious, and I think the sincere and interesting faces of the George Washington students before me represent the, er, epitome of American adolescence. The more I look, the more I am

indebted to Mr. Springer and, er, Mr. Saltonstall for, er, but to our subject—

"I have selected the Russian drama as the basis for my series of lectures on the modern drama, as it is the Russian drama which founded the contemporary realistic trend in, er, contemporary plays. This, er, modern realistic trend in, er, contemporary plays, can be said to have been, er, founded by the Russian drama, and it will be the outstanding factor when dramatic historians of the future write about, er, contemporary plays.

(Continued on page 26)

LEN SAID

FOR many moons I have heard varied comments from high-brow and moron, diplomat and laborer, upon the work of Leonard Hall, for the past five years dramatic editor of the Washington Daily News. No matter what the opinion expressed, however, one interesting fact has stuck forth—"Show Shopping" has been READ. Every weekday afternoon, month in and month out, it has been the ritual of thousands to find out "what Len Hall said today." While Hall inaugurated several critical innovations here—such as sending reviewers to every show in town instead of using the formerly customary canned reviews of press-agents on the lesser attractions, bringing recognition to the movies, fostering our provincial night life, etc.—and has proven himself a charming, witty and shrewd critic—all has been overshadowed by the fact that whether he was liked or not, everyone has remarked, "Did you see what Len Hall said today?" When Len left us to take up the post of dramatic editor of the New York Telegram, it seemed as if a local tradition had been shattered. But no, for he will continue his column in the News, writing from Manhattan, and there will be heard the familiar, "Len Hall said today." May he prosper in his new position, bringing to Broadway a new phrase, "Len Hall said today!"

the noted lecturer and critic, who begins in these columns this month his series of famous talks on the drama. Dr. Vite held the Chair of Household Economics at Heidelberg for six days and has a scar near his umbilicus to prove it.

Dr. Vite will lecture on the Russian drama for this number, and we know you all are pleased to have this unusual opportunity to study the credo of such a scholar. It is seldom that one, notebook in hand, has a chance to hear such a worth-while artist. We therefore take great



AS TO BOOKS

By Elbert L. Huber and Howard M. Baggett



I KNOW A SECRET—

Christopher Morley bids fair to steal the laurels from Winnie—the Pooh with his new book for children, relating to the adventures of the animals on Roslyn Estates, Long Island. Written for youngsters, it will be stolen by their parents and it's hard to tell who will enjoy it the most.

Although it cannot be called a steal on A. A. Milne, the book is written in somewhat similar vein, with the same trick of having animals behave like humans. Fourchette, the cat, has perhaps the leading role—her husband, who deserted her, works in the A&P Grocery store in Roslyn. Escargot, the snail, who made the perilous journey from France; Donny, the dog; Hops and Malta, the kittens and Ferdinand, the mouse make a most entertaining group and their adventures are most exciting and funny.

The best story relates how Fourchette and her kittens were forced to accompany a delicatessen keeper on a picnic, how he smelled so wonderfully of food that Hops and Malta climbed all over him and even Fourchette had to lean far back in her seat to keep herself under control. Other high lights are the bits about the penguins and how they masqueraded as two 'smalland-active' children and escaped from the Aquarium; about the hen who smoked cigarettes, drove a roadster and went to matinees, and how Mr. Mistletoe composed a piece on the piano, "Helen going to Bed" aided unbeknown to him by Ferdinand.



JAMES BRANCH CABELL

His latest book, *Something About Eve*, is reviewed in this issue.

The same whimsical humor that delighted the readers of *Thunder on the Left* will please you and you will wish to be a child all over again.

I know of no better remedy for old age, Sophomorphism, that tired feeling, and stodginess than an hour or so with Christopher Morley's latest book. And that isn't a secret, either.

SOMETHING ABOUT EVE—

Followers of Cabell will be delighted with this author's newest story which relates the adventures of a young writer somewhere in that strange world that only Cabell seems to know about. Leaving an affair of a Southern gentleman with a Southern lady, the hero wanders from land to land spurning all temptations until he comes within sight of

his goal. Here he settles down to domesticity quite without knowing it, while some genial god takes his place on earth and carries on his affair and really makes a name for him by writing eruditely about the very unconventional goings-on of those nasty old Greeks and Romans.

People that don't like Cabell merely get snooty and pass him off with the damnation of faint praise: "His style is very beautiful, but there is really nothing to him."

Certain it is, that no author can dispense eroticism quite so delicately or amusingly as Mr. Cabell, and if there is too much fancy in his elaborate mythology there is also brilliant satire and no mean philosophy.

Something about Eve is quite up to standard as to style, clever phrases and symbolical smut; in fact, Author Cabell is a shining example of the old saying that one can say anything if he does it in the right way.

After reading this book, if you don't agree with us, send a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

RED SKY AT MORNING—

Red sky at night is the sailor's delight,

Red sky at morning is the sailor's warning.

Margaret Kennedy has written another version of the old credo that "The sins of the father, Etc.," but there are no sailors in the story.

Norman Crowne, a brilliant young poet of England, is acquitted of the charge of murder
(Continued on page 26)



IT WAS indeed a shock to find that this month the phonograph records were not up to the usual standard; that is, of course, with notable exceptions. However, this gives to the critic (heh, heh!) his chance, rare though it be, to enunciate some sort of standard, critique, or apologia to explain why he exists.

The phonograph record, especially since the revolutionary changes of a year or so ago, is practically worthy of being considered a regular form of art, and let all jealous dramatic critics, musicians, literati, dispute to the contrary. For it has within it certain possibilities of changing sounds and rendering them more strange and beautiful. The record made by an orchestra is not the same as that orchestra's work, let the phonograph companies howl as they will. Herein lies the strength and weakness of this medium. A good artist may make a rotten record, and *vice versa*. We don't know exactly why, but it is so.

As a matter of fact, records must be judged according to three criteria: the merit of the song (usually a popular one and of transient appeal), the skill of the orchestra, singer, or what not, and lastly, the skill with which it is recorded. About the last point, which involves mechanical perfection of the disc itself, we shall not quarrel for fear of being lynched. The others are only too obvious.

But to illustrate our point of the rotten records, and *vice versa*, let us take the case of one Gene Austin, who has done the best thing this month, one of the

TIMELY TUNES

By Sherman Elbridge Johnson



Gene Austin

best of his career, My Blue Heaven (Victor). On the stage this lad is a flop, but over the gramophone his voice hath certain charms. Our stenographer, Miss Postlethwaite, who is taking this down, confesses to spasms on hearing his sweet voice. As to Mr. Austin's unimpressiveness in person, we have many witnesses, including two taxi - drivers, a government worker, and as innocent bystander.

We have twaddled too long about Art, with a big A. The Blue Heaven thing is beautifully linked with Soliloquy, and played by Don Voorhees and His Orchestra (Columbia); as for Mr. Austin, he has also done The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi, very well, and has had foisted on him My Melancholy Baby (Victor).

Five O'Clock Girl seems to be the musical comedy of the month; we have Up in the



Clouds and Thinking of You by the Broadway Nitelites (Columbia) and the same by Nat Shilkret's outfit (Victor). Hear them.

Vincent Lopez shows his usual stuff with Some Day You'll Say O. K. (Brunswick), and Highways Are Happy Ways, by Frank Black (Brunswick) is the goods. But tall of these are just usual songs; so is Headin' for Harlem, from Sidewalks of New York (Victor). Mother, from My Maryland, sung by Evelyn Herbert (Victor) is just another Mother Song, though Silver Moon, on the other side, saves it considerably.

Cheerie-Beerie-Be is apparently the old Neapolitan *Ciribiribin* made over. It's fair; played by Ben Selvin's orchestra (Brunswick). You must hear It Was Only a Sun Shower, played by the California Ramblers; this one is good (Columbia).

We must not fail to mention another Blue Heaven record, by Kenn Sisson and His Orchestra (Brunswick), with Bamboola on the other side. The latter sounds like an old song about a little bimbo down on the bamboo isle. Remember?

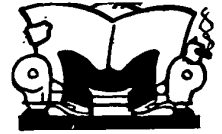
Delighted, my dears, with Johnny Marvin, because in a song call I Can't Believe That You're in Love with Me (Victor), he doesn't fail to say "cain't" in the best Missouri tradition. Besides, it's a good number. So are: C'Estt Vous and Together We Two (Columbia), by Fred Rich and His Hotel Astor Orchestra and The Columbians, respectively; Casey Jones, by Al Bernard (Brunswick);

BEST

My Blue Heaven (sung by Austin) (Victor)
Soliloquy (Columbia)
Highways Are Happy Ways (Brunswick)
Up in the Clouds (Victor)
It Was Only a Sun Shower (Columbia)



OUR CLEVER CONTEMPORARIES



Rushee: "Do ya mean to say, all the big activity men are in your fraternity?"

Brother: "Absolutely, besides we have a bunch of men in the faculty."

Rushee: "And none of the other fraternities rate at all?"

Brother: "No."

Rushee: "Then I think I'll join one of the others and help them along."

—*M. I. T. Voo Doo.*

~*~

Beautiful: "Those are pretty clocks on your hose."

So'm I: "Yes, and they don't need any more hands."

—*Oklahoma Aggievator.*

~*~

An Englishman was seeing some "collegiate" dancing for the first time. He seemed greatly impressed, and after a lengthy pause inquired of his guide, "I say, my dear chapie, they marry afterward, don't they?"

—*Carolina Buccaneer.*

~*~

First Sparrow: "See that nice new hat down there?"

Second Sparrow: "Well, what of it?"

First Sparrow: "Well, I was just wondering."

—*Wisconsin Octopus.*

~*~

Others who love to see a man smoke a pipe:

The pipe manufacturer.

The tobacco manufacturer.

The janitor.

The boy who's saving his last two cigarettes for after dinner.

—*Iowa Frivol.*

~*~

Phi: "Where was the wedding tonight?"

Delt: "Ha, Ha, the joke's on you. That old man with a shot gun was going duck hunting."

—*Iowa Frivol.*

Zig Flofield: Bah! not a calf in a carload!

—*Boston Beanpot.*

~*~

First Roman (at a Christian massacre): "We've got a capacity crowd, but still we're losing money. The upkeep on the lions must be pretty heavy."

Second Roman: "Yes, sir. These lions sure do eat up the prophets."

—*Malteaser.*

~*~

He: "I can't bear Child's."

Him: "Your English is terrible."

—*Columbia Jester.*

~*~

She was only a country belle, but she tolled on me.

—*Scream.*

~*~

"We're you out riding with Jack last night?"

"Uh-huh."

"Weren't you cold?"

"Yeah, good and cold."

—*Red Cat.*

~*~

"I see you are feeling yourself again," said the doctor to a patient with hives.

—*Royal Gaboon.*

~*~

Wife: "Ah! Ikey, it's anodder boy."

Ikey: "Vat luck. Ve von't have to buy another bed."

—*Whirlwind.*

~*~

FOR YOUNG MOTHERS

A thermometer is unnecessary when giving a baby a bath. If the baby turns red, the water is too hot; if the baby turns blue, the water is too cold; but if the baby turns white, you'll know that it needed the bath.

—*Lehigh Burr.*

Something Is Always Taking the Joy Out of Life : By BRIGGS



.. not a cough in a carload



AS TO BOOKS

(Continued from page 22)

under very peculiar circumstances at which the author darkly hints, but never tells. We suspect that it never would have got past the censor, anyway. He dies in disgrace abroad, leaving his twins, Emily and William, under the care of their aunt, Catherine Frobisher, relict of one of the dullest writers of that period. With her own two children Trevor and Charlotte, she raises them in the atmosphere of British dullness, according to the standards of a genteel but dowdy girlhood.

The four grow up, valiantly but unsuccessfully striving to live up to their literary heritage, the only difference being the extreme wealth of the twins, inherited from their father's family. Emily marries to escape the name only to discover that she was wrong and the whole thing nearly goes to the rocks. William marries an adventuress who is in love with Trevor and their intrigue is discovered by the enraged husband, who immediately follows the good example of his notorious father. Here the author decided it was best to stop and we were all glad she did.

The only good characterization is that of the aunt, who fondly cherishes the memory of her dead husband and manages to make him more famous than he deserved. There are good bits here and there, especially during the youth of the children, but the book as a whole leaves one rather flat and quite in doubt as to what purpose the author had in

mind. *Red Sky at Morning* is hardly a worthy successor to *The Constant Nymph*.

~*~

TIMELY TUNES

(Continued from page 23)

Polly, a possible successor to that delightful Doll Dance, played by Zez Confrey's Orchestra (Victor); Clementine, from a show called New Orleans, by Jean Goldkette and an old favorite, Beautiful Ohio, by Paul Whiteman (both Victor).

A word must go to notice an actual recording of nightingales and other songbirds in a garden in Oxted, England, by the Victor people. Interesting in a way, to show just what can be done; but we prefer our birds in the trees. Such a record could only be played on a cool spring morning, when we were drinking iced tea on the back porch and felt exceptionally good.

Not so hot: From Saturday Night to Sunday Morning (Victor); Baby Feet Go Pitter-Patter (Columbia); I'm Gonna Dance Wit de Guy Wot Brung Me (Brunswick). Let 'er dance, wot t' hell.

~*~

THE THEATRE

(Continued from page 21)

"Head and shoulders above all other Russian dramatists stands Fourdoor Charlie Oppen, the greatest histrionic artist of Russia, whose works founded the, er, modern Russian drama. His photographically exact portraits of peasant life and the attitude of the lower class brought before the world the possibilities of, er, realism in drama. His influence revolutionized the florid Russian stage of the Victorian and Alexandrine eras, and later was the basis for, er, the contemporary realism.

"The powerful and trenchant

morbidly and pity of Oppen's characteristic style is traceable to his unhappy boyhood. He was neglected from birth, for when he was born in Moscow on the 4th of August, 1873, his parents were away in Zrfevsky enjoying themselves. Little is known of his lonely boyhood, although it is supposed, er, that he was naturally precocious, and it is related that at the age of six weeks he looked up into his father's face, what he could see of it through the whiskers, and said, 'Little Father, buy me a raccoon coat.'

"Educated at the kindergarten in Zrfevsky, little Fourdoor was trained to become a radio announcer, but ran away from home in the spring of '76, and started to walk to Tomsk, sixty miles away. Having covered three-quarters of the distance he became very tired, and had to turn around and walk back, a disappointment which influenced his whole life.

"For in Zrfevsky, at that time much less sanitary and beautiful than your own lovely city of Washington, a road company the Follies had been stranded, as the leading lady had died of a bad cold. No, wait a bit, my notes will inform me better—yes, it was cholera, ha ha. Here was Fourdoor's chance. He joined the troupe, pushing aside the cholera, and started an association with the theatre that was to last until his death in 1879.

"Arriving in St. Petersburg, Oppen began work on the great plays which have stamped him as the supreme genius of Russian literature, being inspired by the beautiful Olga Eureether, often called Olga Eureether, or as she is sometimes known, Olga Eureether. Under her guidance he completed *Cerise Boathouse*,

(Continued on page 27)

THE THEATRE

(Continued from page 26)

his masterpiece, which I have selected as the principal example of the foundation, of er, modern realism.

"*Cerise Boathouse* was first performed in the Louis Quinze Saloon of the Royal Palace, before a distinguished audience which included the Czar and family, Altgrave Hugues of Salm-Reifferscheidtdit de Gortz, and the Duke of O'Flanagan.

CERISE BOATHOUSE

(The scene is the seventh floor of a boat-house on the Volga. A door right, leading to the elevator, six windows, a chair, a pretty bad smell, and an ikon. As the curtain rises, a group of noblemen are discovered writing endorsements for Lucky Strike cigarettes.)

Prince Ouiskey: (throwing a cake of soap at Countess Olga), "Life is but a cycle, Little Sister."

Countess: (eating the soap, as she does not know what else to do with it): "Ay."

Enter the Prince's eight grand-aunts.

Eight great-aunts: "Russia needs men, Little Great-nephew."

A voice outside: "On to Moscow!"

The End

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Sea Food at its "Best"

For Ladies and Gentlemen

A

G. W. U. Rendezvous



¶ The following members of our art staff have drawings in this issue:

¶ Peggy Somervell, Cecelia Fruitman, Marion Stewart, Charles E. Shreve, J. L. Buckey, Elizabeth Bunten, Sally Osborn, Helen Buchalter, Rodney Tattersall.

¶ We are paying \$1 for each drawing accepted. Everybody invited to contribute. All drawings, with your name and address, must be in the Hatchet Office by the 14th of each month.



He: "Could I have a date tonight?"

She: "Yes, if you could find any one dumb enough to date with you."

He: "Well, I'll be around to see you about eight o'clock then."

—M. I. T. Voo Doo.



"Say, how did you make out at the Glee Club tryout?"

"Made first bass on four bawls."

—Stanford Chaparral.





"I don't mind washing the dishes for you," wailed the hen-pecked husband. "I don't object to sweeping, dusting, or mopping the floors, but I ain't gonna run no ribbons through my nightgown just to fool the baby."

—*Oklahoma Whirlwind.*



"Why did you give up pipe organ lessons?"
"I felt so blooming childish, playing with my feet."

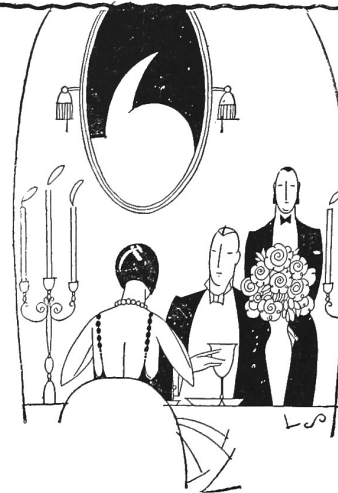
—*Stanford Chaparral.*



"Is my wife forward?" asked the passenger on the Limited.

"She wasn't to me, sir," replied the conductor politely.

—*Vanderbilt Masquerader.*



THAT BOY COULD EAT!

There was a time when Henry's appetite filled her with apprehension — nay, terror. He would — or so it seemed — clean out the entire restaurant and exhaust the waiter for the evening.

The mean fellow invariably ate onions or fish or something detectable at a vast distance. Or so it seemed.

But now — ah, but now . . . Henry takes a Pep-o-mint Life Saver to charm his breath and relieve his indigestion.



Patient: "Doctor, what are my chances?"

Doctor: "Oh, pretty good; but don't start reading any continued stories!"

—*State Lion.*



Mother: "Good bye, Oswald, and remember to dress warmly at college. I don't want you to catch that fraternity gripe."

—*Northwestern Purple Parrot.*



CLOTHES

Ready-made
And Cut to Order

ESTABLISHED ENGLISH UNIVERSITY
STYLES, TAILORED OVER YOUTHFUL
CHARTS SOLELY FOR DISTINGUISHED
SERVICE IN THE UNITED STATES.



Charter House

Suits \$40, \$45, \$50 Overcoats

Bearly
Camels Hair
Coat
\$165



Bearly
Camels Hair
Coat
\$165

EDGEWORTH

- PART OF A COLLEGE EDUCATION



*The Aristocrat
of Smoking Tobaccos*

LARUS & BRO. CO. -- RICHMOND, VA.



"Whence the black eye?"

"It's like this—I saw a big poster which read, 'Murderer Wanted'"—

"Yes—"

"So I went in and applied for the job."

—*Texas Ranger.*



Our idea of a man with drag is the cymbal player who made a musical fraternity.

—*Penn State Froth.*



PROBABLY TRUE

Here's the latest one on our friend, the professor: He kissed the door and slammed his wife.

—*Columbia Jester.*



"I've been in every night this week, with two exceptions."

"Who were they?"

—*Brown Jug.*



Franklin 9587



Fletcher and Fox Inc.
MENS WEAR

"For the Man Who Cares"
Clothing for the Collegiate
1129 Fourteenth St., N. W.



**Tommy
Tompkins
roubadors**

[Adams 128]



WELL, our list of advertisers is growing. There are several reasons. To begin with, the GHOST is read by every one of the 6,000 students and faculty at G. W. Also, it is the only college comic published in the District of Columbia. Its sales on the newsstands are increasing. Again, you will notice that the ads do not crowd each other. They are presented in such a way that they stand out.

We could talk all night on why the GHOST is an ideal advertising medium, but it was our original intention to introduce our advertisers. Here they are:

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Boot: "Speaking of women, I like the talkative kind as well as the other kind."

Recruit: "What other kind?"

—Annapolis Log.

~*~

Mu: Do you believe in mind reading?

Mu Mu: Yes, I was introduced to a chorus girl the other night and she slapped my face.

—Rensselaer Pup.

~*~

Helena: "Were you at the party Bob said he had last night?"

Cleio: "Was I there! I was the party!"

—Penn State Froth.

~*~

"My pen is my upkeep."

"Are you an author?"

"Gosh, no. I raise hogs."

—Oklahoma Whirlwind.

~*~

Suspicious Character: "What am I supposed to have stolen?"

Cop: "A horse and wagon."

Suspicious Character: "All right, search me!"

—California Pelican.

you'd really be surprised

**at the large number of
g. w. students who are
regular patrons of the**

little theatre

on 9th street between f and g

Hell hath no fury like a woman corned.
—*Northwest Purple Parrot.*



'TIS THE TRUTH

You would not knock
The jokes we use
Could you but see
Those we refuse.

—*The Synchronizer.*



He worked in a marble quarry and he took
a whole lot for granite.

—*M. I. T. Voo Doo.*



"The sky is the limit," said the student as
he slipped on his slicker.

—*Black and Blue Jay.*



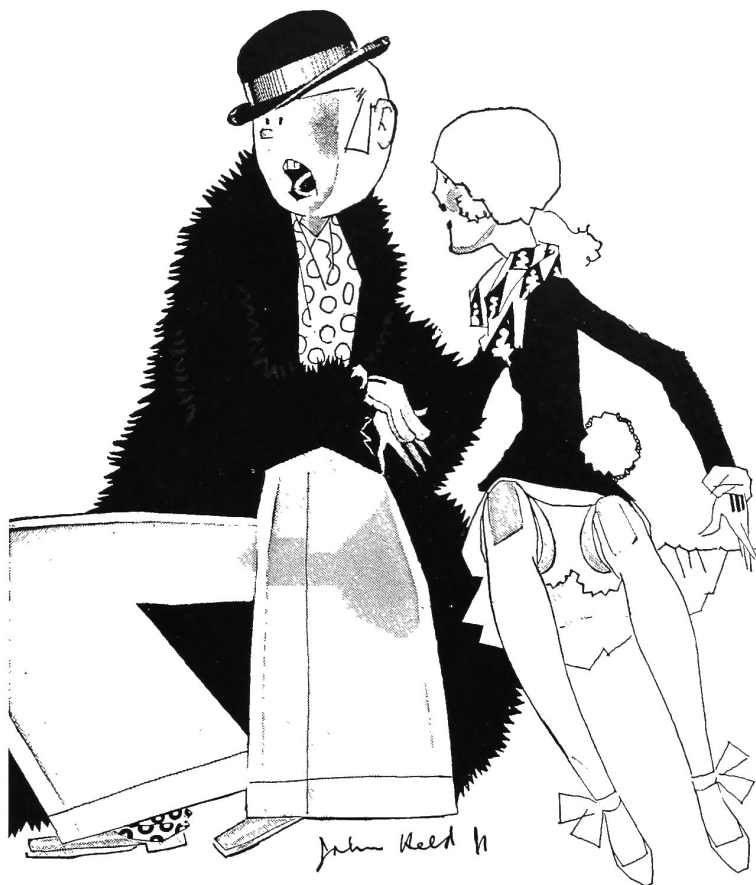
"The first night I caught her in my arms.
The next night I caught her in my pockets."

—*Oklahoma Whirlwind.*



She was only the captain's daughter, but
she made a good mate.

—*Black and Blue Jay.*



On, Wisconsin!

Jack McGrath gives a vivid picture of Wisconsin in the January College Humor. All about its students, fraternities, problems, its great and near-great.

Other special features include *Back to Mother*, by Wallace Irwin, a complete novelette of two young people which shows all the tenderness and dismay of the first year of marriage.

Peter B. Kyne's first story for this magazine appears. Grantland Rice writes on *All-Americans of All Time*, and there are many others.

[\$2,000 art contest closes January 15, 1928. Important announcement in College Humor following issue. Send drawings now!]

CollegeHumor

Two Gift Subscriptions for \$5

CORRECT APPAREL for UNIVERSITY MEN

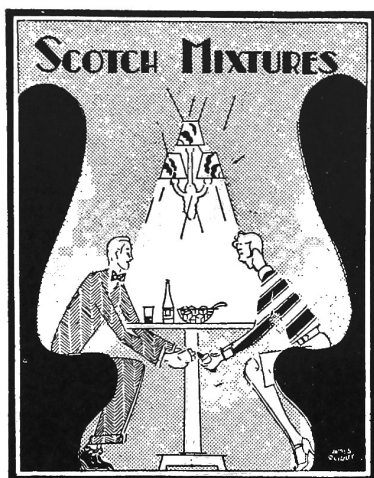
Here at this old established house, University men will find complete assortments of clothing and furnishings in the prescribed mode for this season.

PARKER-BRIDGET CO.

NATIONALLY KNOWN STORE

The Avenue at Ninth

Washington, D. C.



A
La
Braeburn

See them on display any day
in our clubby college men's
rendezvous -

THE FRAT HOUSE

THE HECHT CO. F ST.



Old Lady: "Where did you get all those
nickels, sonnie?"

Sonnie: "Down at the church."

Old Lady: "Did you steal them, you
naughty boy?"

Sonnie: "Oh, no, the minister said this
money is all for the heathens. Me and pa is
atheists, so I took a handful."

—Minnesota Ski-U-Mah.



"Boys," said the editor of the college mag
to his coteries, "let us sit in the gutter and
write some jokes."

—Virginia Reel.



It: "Do you think this costume makes me
look shorter?"

He: "Maybe it does, but it makes me look
longer."

—Penn State Froth.



Wardman Park Hotel

Music by Meyer Davis'
Wardman Park
Orchestra

with added attractions

COVER CHARGE

MONDAY TO THURSDAY Inclusive 50c.
FRIDAY AND SATURDAY \$1.10

Phone

Columbia 2000





we ask you!

do you know how to get on the good side of the prof?
do you know why some people get all the good grades?
do you know how to pass an exam without studying?
do you know anything?



neither do we, but

just the same, the school number of the ghost will be ready when you get back after the holidays. in it you will find everything pertaining to this business of going to school. 'twould be folly not to get a copy.

by the way, did you ever think of submitting drawings, jokes, or humorous skits to the ghost? we can't promise to use your contributions, but there's no harm in trying. remember the school number, ready sometime around january 3.



Some call it mellowness . . .

SOME say that Camel is the mellowest cigarette ever made. Some that it's mild and smooth. It's really all good things in one, and that is why it is supreme upon the pinnacle of modern favor. Camel's popularity today is the largest that any cigarette ever had.

And, it costs something to make this kind of a smoke. It costs the choicest tobaccos

that money can buy, and a blending that spares neither time nor expense. Each Camel cigarette is as full of value as the world of tobacco can give.

You can be sure of smoking pleasure, serene and full, in these quality cigarettes. Smoke all of them you want; they simply never tire the taste.

"Have a Camel!"

© 1927

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.